The Evening World.

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PUT THEM WHERE THEY BELONG.

MAYOR MITCHEL'S prompt determination, following the request of The Evening World, to appoint a committee to investigate the scandalous activity of local dealers who seek to boost the price of food to a war level, has the approval of every thinking New Yorker.

Sordid conspirators who are marking up food prices in this country on the pretext of war famine are traitors and criminals. Treat them as such.

The whole nation knows that it is now harvesting the biggest crops it ever produced. Foreign markets are cut off. Our warehouses are full of goods that cannot leave these shores. Yet day by day the orgy of price-boosting goes on.

That many classes of foreign made goods—a large part luxuries—must cost more for those who can afford them, nobody questions.

But that is a different matter from the shameless cornering of flour, meat, eggs and common foodstuffs that everybody needs and which this country produces in abundance.

The United States has been at great pains to perfect laws against monopolies, combinations and extortionate practices masquerading under forms of legitimate business. Now is the time to see what these laws are worth.

Any controller of commodities in this country who takes advantage of Europe's plight to make a grab for the earnings of peaceable, hard-working people at home is guilty of cold-blooded crime.

Jail awaits him and justice should make certain that it doesn't wait long.

The most cheering news the nation has had for days is the announcement of Admiral Cradock and the British Consul-General that British commerce is safe on the North Atlantic. The immediate resumption of many suspended sailings will clear our docks and reassure our exporters.

It will be a cause for deep rejoicing if Great Britain's mighty navy proves big enough to keep open the highway to her doors.

TO BRING THEM HOME.

WE NOTE that despite the easy-going assurances of Secretary of State Bryan and Secretary of War Garrison, as to our duty toward our fellow-countrymen stranded in Europe, the Government has at last arrived at the point of view which The Evening World urged from the beginning:

American Embassies and Legations throughout the Continent have been instructed to charter neutral ships to bring back United States citizens. Three Italian steamers will sail from Naples the week of Aug. 15, each carrying at least 1,000 Americans.

With proper representations from this Government, any of the nations now in a state of war would have long since made provision for shipping Americans in similar fashion from some of their ports. If such representations had been made ten days ago thousands of our travellers in Europe might have been saved incalculable annoyance, if not actual privation, and their families and friends at home spared days of anxiety and worry.

It has taken Washington some time to admit that "extraordinary means" are called for to get American refugees out of the war mess. Let us hope it means to act promptly now it has made up its mind.

A few thoughtful Americans are sending their yachts to bring home members of the family marooned in Europe. Example of this sort is such a help when everybody is uncertain what to do.

WAR AND THE PLAYWRIGHTS.

AT LEAST one play has been withdrawn from New York's theatrical programme for the coming season because its temper was not attuned to war. It is doubtful if recent anti-Russian plays which might have resumed their runs this year will appeal to American managers just now. The theatre-going public is sensitive in its sympathies. Playwrights and producers in this cosmopolitan city will steer a careful course between national enthusiasms and prejudices.

Even should there be hasty output of war plays, however, while the conflict is still on, we shall expect only the color of war—uniforms, shiny boots, clinking swords, that have brightened up many a perfunctory "play of the hour."

But when the great fight has fought itself to some sort of adjustment, what poignant plots, what stirring themes of patriotic triumph or despair, what intimate tragedies of shattered hope and torn allegiance the dramatist will find living and ready to his hand!

A despatch to the Sun fully explains the delay of the Germans in taking Liege. It appears they had on new boots which fitted badly.

Enough said. The excuse is ample. No human being ever was or will be heroic in tight boots.

Letters From the People

An Englishwoman's Thanks.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Permit an Englishwoman to thank you for your just and generous words regarding England, in a recent issue of The Evening World.

We English are used to being quiet and patient under much maligning. The general British attitude toward Germany is regret. We wanted to be friends—even allies. Chamberlain long ago sought an alliance or entente which, if consummated, would have stilled strife forevermore in Europe. I. e., on any big scale. That was Chamberlain's dream: Peace and Empire. The Kaiser's father had the idea. He loved England and wanted a close friendship with her. He died before he could establish it; and the present Kaiser's ambitions were otherwise. Wilhelm is a strong and fine man in many ways; but he is mediaeval in his views of empire.

For fifteen years we have been catching German spies in our naval ports every now and then, and saying nothing publicly. My brother, an officer of the South Pacific Squadron, confided to me one day the finding of a German spy within Esquimalt harbor, British Columbia. That was ten years ago; and the second spy caught there. English folk deprecate the stirring and educating of animosities through the press. They believe that, no matter what an enemy plans to do, when the time arrives the plan will not succeed. Either English diplomacy or English arms will nullify it—and it is better to have no hatreds, even in war—only duties.

ENGLISHWOMAN.

Card Graft Again, &c.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In reply to the letter of "Penny Ante" I wish to say that I do not ride on the Erie, but should it happen that I did and if any seats in the smoker were overturned for card players I would gently jump into one myself and I would like to see what the man reserving the double seat would do about it. I think it is a shame to deprive hard working people of their seats to accommodate a few card players.

W. H.

"Sail, Ho!"

By Robert Minor

So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen


C. L. CULLEN

WHEN they know the wife women find it mighty hard to understand how her husband can keep right on loving her devotedly.

About the hardest work the girls in a girls' summer camp do is the pretending to each other that they "dote" on the camp's manlessness.

When you see a woman wearing all her jewelled rings at breakfast at a summer resort hotel you somehow have a feeling that she hasn't possessed them very long.

If women only knew how profoundly men admire the woman who closes up like a clam when the gossip begins, or who defends the absent sister who is under the gossiping gun, probably more of them would adopt that plan.

Thirty or more years of observation have taught us that the man who keeps his carfare in one of those little change pouches generally is the possessor of soldered digits—otherwise the mucilaginous mitt.

The funnyists to the contrary notwithstanding, not one angler in ten takes any booze with him when he goes a-fishin'.

Habit, when it sets out to hook us, makes the bait alluring. But the time comes all too speedily when we'll fall for any old kind of a "wum."

There's a chance for a fellow who can't help but look hangdog when he's lying, but not much show for the chap who can exude a whopper and look and sound plausible while so doing.

When, after having seen her off on her summer trip, you go home to the silent, sort of empty-seeming little old flat, you'll only be following the formula of a whole lot of other fellows when you lean your arm on the mantel and gaze lonesomely around the place and then say to yourself: "Gee, doesn't it make a difference when she isn't here—and doesn't she mean a lot—everything!—in my life!"

A bachelor of thirty—and a pretty crusty one—held a little bit of a baby in his arms for the first time a few days ago. "Made me feel odd!" he told us yesterday. "Could feel the little sneezer's heart beating next to my soft shirt. It looked me over sort of friendlily, too. Don't know what it was that stirred within me—but, as-ay, d'ye know, I kinda felt as if I wished I owned him?"

Hits From Sharp Wits.

It's too bad those European military experts can't hear the advice of some of our amateur strategy boards.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

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A whole lot of people in this world think they don't know what moratorium means.—Boston Transcript.

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There is a vast, vast difference between being bone-headed and hard-headed.

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Many a man thinks he is on the high road to fame when in fact he is merely on the high road to foolery.—Deseret News.

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Everybody knows a man or two who could be spared for war.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

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One of the impending hardships is the indication that there will be work for every man.—Nashville Banner.

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Usually the man who is on his uppers knows of the most ways to make a lot of money.—Albany Journal.

The Story of Clothes

Odd Origins of Modern Fashions

By Andre Dupont

The History of the Collar.

THE first step toward civilization was the donning of a collar. It is a curious fact that the neck was decorated before any other part of the body. It is true this early collar was more like a necklace and


SPANISH RUFF 16TH CENTURY

it was adorned with the spoils of war or the chase. The more powerful the chief the more strings of teeth, wrenched from wild beast or human enemies, he hung around his neck. From these savage relics it is a far cry to the modern collar. Yet the idea is the same in both cases—not protection from the weather, but simply adornment of the neck.

The Greeks wore no collars on their low necked robes, neither did the Romans; though the latter had chin cloths for the protection of the neck (called focalia). These were used by public orators who for professional reasons were fearful of taking cold, while ordinary people in severe weather made a muffler of the sudarium or handkerchief. This was probably the origin of the necktie which in many countries is still called a "neck handkerchief." But though they occasionally wore handkerchiefs around their necks they never wore collars, for they classed the collar with the beard and the trousers as things that no one but a barbarian would wear.

Charlemagne wore a sort of muffler of otter's skin to protect his throat. For centuries both men and women wrapped the neck in cloths in cold weather, but nobody wore anything resembling a modern collar.

The wimple or flat hood worn by the German woman of the fifteenth century had a curious band of silk or linen that was folded over the chin, completely hiding it. Next came the ruff, which was invented to conceal a wen on the neck of some great personage. It reached its height, both of altitude and absurdity, in the reign of Elizabeth, who had a very yellow and bony neck and so was delighted with any fashion that would hide it. But after the death of this great queen the ruff quickly went out of style, as it was both uncomfortable and impracticable, for it was impossible to launder it. So neck adornments sank down into the flat lace collar of the cavalier or the plain starched linen band of the Puritan.

During all these years there was little difference between the collars of men and women. Husband and wife could with propriety wear the same collar turn and turn about if they so desired. But when the linen band of the Puritan was merged in the high stock about a hundred and fifty years ago the ladies refused to muffle their necks and adopted the graceful fichu.

After the vogue of the stock the modern linen collar was introduced


GERMAN COLLARS 15TH CENTURY

for men and has continued to be worn with only slight variations from the original shape ever since, but the ladies have run the whole gamut of fashion in the last fifty years. They have had high collars and low collars of endless variety and no collars at all, and just now the woman who does not expose her throat to the gaze of every passerby is considered decidedly behind the mode.

Mathematic Matrimony

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

AND now the reformers are setting forth the propaganda of putting marriage on a business basis. It is to be mathematical matrimony — a purely partnership affair.

All the arrangements are to be made before the ceremony; just like making a contract for going into the manufacturing of matches. The wife is to receive her share of the income and there is to be an accounting on each side.

Equal rights are to be maintained. One is not to infringe on the other's time, and each is to respect the other's wishes or transactions.

It sounds good. But like all other problems, worked out with mathematical precision, it does not reckon with the human equation, which, as it goes along, often finds the unknown quantity or quality which produces all sorts of improper fractions or rather infractions.

For example, if X marry Y in a perfectly good contract there often enters the Z party in the form of "friend" or co-respondent, who certainly mixes the equation. There are many people who go into a marriage of money or CONVENIENCE, yet they rarely are satisfied with their bargain.

All marriage, to succeed, must needs reckon with that which spells success in the realm of matrimony—namely happiness. Therefore the marriage contract is like no other. It can't be measured or weighed with any degree of certainty.

The marriage that lasts and makes for the joy of living is the one that takes into consideration more than living expenses or social aspirations or bank accounts.

A modern epigrammatist states:

"To grin and bear it is gradual dissolution; to bear it and not grin is death.

"An able man wants a wife who is intellectually on his wire—one who, when he rings up, responds.

"Men who marry for gratification, propagation or the matter of buttons and socks must expect to cope with and deal in a certain amount of quibble, subterfuge, concealment and double, deep dyed prevarication.

"The love we give away is the only love we keep."

Thus no one may make a marriage contract of any special description and keep it for any length of time; for its possibilities in the way of change are many. The best marriages are those which aim primarily to keep the love story of courting in a considerable degree through all the years.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon—Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife

TRANSLATED BY HELEN ROWLAND.

MY daughter, consider the words of a Wise Damsel, unto whom not Solomon himself could have given Pointers:

Lo, I came upon a maiden sitting on the beach, completely surrounded by men.

And while the other damsels DANCED to the sounding of brass and the tinkling of cymbals, she remained afar and could not be moved to join them.

Then I questioned her, saying:

"How now, Fair Daughter, when all the world is tripping the light fantastic and dancing upon the sands, why sittest thou apart, nor seekest to be one of them?"

And she smiled and answered me, saying:

"Alas, I do NOT dance the New Dances!

"For lo, though I am OVER nineteen and NOT unkissed, though the flirtations of my youth have been ninety-and-nine, yet am I still romantic, and mine illusions bright and glowing.

"Behold, men are as the rings upon mine hand, and the bracelets on mine arms, and their devotion is sweeter unto me than honey and frankincense.

"Yea, I would rather be POPULAR than President!

"Moreover, I am NOT a prude, neither am I averse to being embraced.

"Yet, I am exceeding fastidious as to WHO shall do the EMBRACING.

"And neither the youths that haunt the cabarets, nor those that disport themselves upon the beaches, shall hold me in their arms as a bundle of laundry.

"Go to! I am not a Christmas Doll, that ANYTHING which weareth a dress-suit and secureth an introduction may clasp me in his arms as a TROPHY!

"For I have perceived that men value a woman at her OWN estimate; and no man prizeth favors that are given away like unto trading stamps.

"Likewise I have found out that men are of two varieties—INTERESTING men and DANCING men; and thus do I divide the sheep from the goats.

"Therefore do I sit apart and let my charms do their OWN work.

"For, verily, verily, in this day of Femininity, Feminism and Ennui, it hath come to pass, that that for which every man seeketh and cannot find, that for which he yearneth with all his soul and pursueth with all his might, is an ELUSIVE WOMAN!"

Selah.

The Story of the Franco-Prussian War

1.—The Invasion.

THE petty victory at Saarbrucken on Aug. 2—when a mere handful of Germans retreated, after holding an an entire French army division at bay for many hours—was France's first and only triumph in the Franco-Prussian war. Two days later a wing of one of the three German armies of invasion clashed with its French foes and won.

The left wing of the "Third Army," under the Crown Prince of Prussia (father of the present Kaiser), came in touch with a detachment of the Southern division of the French army, under Gen. Douay, at Weissenburg.

There were 25,000 Germans in this wing. They crossed the frontier early on the morning of Aug. 4, 1870; and near the Pigeonnier Pass, at Weissenburg, fell upon 4,000 Frenchmen under Douay.

The Germans had no idea that they so tremendously outnumbered their foes. So when the latter fell back, after six hours of plucky fighting—in which Douay was killed—the victors did not pursue them. The German loss was 1,500. This was France's first setback. And though it was a mere flea-bite, compared with what was to follow, yet it filled the French with unbelieving horror. They had expected to move on to Berlin without a single serious check. And here, on their own soil, they had been beaten.

At news of the defeat the French General, Frossard, drew back from he captured town of Saarbrucken and proceeded to fortify the Spicheren heights, a mile or two to the south, to resist any further invasion at that point.

Gen. Steinmets, commander of the German "First Army," pushed his way across the Saar River on Aug. 6. To his amazement he found the French had not even bothered to destroy the bridges ahead of him. They had left his path clear. But as he advanced further Frossard's guns from the Spicheren heights opened fire.

For hours the Germans attacked the heights—27,000 against 24,000—and as night fell Frossard withdrew his troops. He had fought well, but the reinforcements he had sent for failed to come to his aid, and at last he could hold his ground no longer. The failure to send reinforcements to help Frossard (there were 40,000 more French troops within call) was one of the countless blunders that marked every move of France in this war—blunders which in all cases were paid for with crushing defeats and in the loss of thousands of lives.

(To Be Continued.)

Chapters From a Woman's Life

By Dale Drummond

CHAPTER LXVII.

JACK came home to dinner a little earlier than usual, and as I heard him whistling I knew that all was serene as far as he was concerned. It made me the more determined to keep at him until I knew just what he had been doing, and how much he had made.

"Now, Jack," I commenced, "tell me all about what you have been doing in the market."

"Well, a few days ago, Mr. Cosgrove told me of something that would be a good buy—have a big advance," Jack explained. "I put every cent we had into it, and last week it didn't act right, and I was worried nearly to death. Had it taken a sudden slump we would not only have been wiped out but would have been in debt to the firm for goodness knows how much."

"But it didn't slump!" I interrupted.

"No, thank Heaven!" Jack returned fervently, "but it has nearly been the death of me. I'm as nervous as an old woman! The anxiety and the necessity of keeping my worry from Mr. Flam have been a little too much.

"Well, Sue, I have made enough to get us clear and have a little left over. And dear, I am going to stop! Feeling as I do about Mr. Flam, it's killing! The worry and fear of discovery are more than I can stand. So from now on, Sue, I want you to try to be satisfied with what I earn legitimately. At least until the time comes when I can do things openly and above board."

"Jack Coolidge, are you crazy?" I remonstrated. "Suppose you do worry a little! You worried about the debts, didn't you? If you think I am going back to that scrimping, saving existence, when you can make money enough to live like other people but won't, you're mistaken! I intend to have things, to do, and live, as we can, if you will forget that nonsense and do as other men do!"

"You really feel that way, do you, Sue?" Jack asked, all animation gone from his voice.. "This extra money is more to you than my peace of mind, my health! Then, Sue, if I could make you understand how I felt about it, what a temptation it is to me, I don't think you would urge me to keep it up. I feel sure I shall do something we will both be sorry for if I keep on speculating."

"Don't be a fool!" was my wifely answer. "But tell me how much you made! You haven't mentioned that yet."

"I made nearly $5,000, Sue, but," stopping me with a gesture as I tried to speak, "it will leave very little when I have paid everything. And I wouldn't go through the worry of last week for twice that!—the $2,500 on the house"—he had taken pencil and paper and jotted down the items as he mentioned them—"$150 to the steamfitters, about $100 to the tradesmen, and nearly $1,000 to that installment house. Yes, I paid it all—and we will buy nothing more that way. So you can see for yourself that there is very little left."

"And you mean to tell me, Jack Coolidge," I blurted out, "that after making all that money in a few days, and getting all those things paid up, you mean to stop, and make me live on a measly $125 a month?"

Angry tears came into my eyes, but I crowded them back. I thought of Loraine's bill, and the picture, neither of which had I made any provision for. I decided that this was no time for tears. It was far too serious.

"Oh, I'll keep on if it ruins me," Jack returned, wearily. "But remember, Sue, when the crash comes—as it surely will—that you urged me on. Not that I shall blame you. My own weakness is where the fault will lie. But I promised to make you happy, and as this seems to be the only way, why—I'll do the best I can for you. Will you read to me a little while? Perhaps then I will be able to sleep."

"Jack, I want you to promise me something, will you?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"I want you to promise me that whenever you make a trade, buy or sell, you will tell me, and tell me how much you make. Will you?"

"Yes, I suppose so," he answered, sleepily.

Now in some way I must prepare Jack for the picture and for Loraine's bill. I had become a firm believer in luck, in MY luck, that something would sure! bring things around all right—for ME. So now I went calmly to sleep, sure that I should manage some way.

Why I should have supposed I was such a darling of the gods, I don't know. Just why I supposed that whatever wrong I did should escape punishment, I don't know. Why I thought I could safely push my husband to the bounds of endurance, I can't tell. But all these things I then firmly believed I could do with impunity.

(To Be Continued.)